



[#03/04]



CYBERPUNK

2 0 7 7

PSYCHO SQUAD

[DAN WATTERS]
[KIERAN MCKEOWN]
[GIADA MARCHISIO]
[FRANK CVETKOVIC]



The Cyberpunk 2077 logo is displayed in a stylized, high-contrast font. The word "CYBERPUNK" is in a large, jagged, metallic-looking font with a blue and white color scheme. Below it, the year "2077" is written in a smaller, similar font, also in blue and white. The entire logo is set against a dark, textured background that resembles a cityscape at night.PSYCHO SQUAD 

SYS VER 8.2.5 :: 0620_

STORY
[DAN WATTERS]

ART
[KIERAN MCKEOWN]

COLORS
[GIADA MARCHISIO]

LETTERS

[FRANK CVETKOVIC]

COVER ART
[KIERAN MCKEOWN WITH
GIADA MARCHISIO]

CD PROJEKT RED EDITORIAL
[BARTOSZ SZTYBOR] - LEAD
[MILENA ZAJĄC]
[MARCIN ZWIERZCHOWSKI]

CD PROJEKT RED
LINGUISTIC STYLE CONSULTANT
[STEFAN KIEŁBASIEWICZ]

LOREMASTER
[PATRICK MILLS]

Publisher
[MIKE RICHARDSON]

Editor
[JUDY KHUU]

Associate Editor
[ROSE WEITZ]

Designer
[ABI JOYCE-SHAW]

Digital Art Technician
[TYLER LI]

Prepress
[DARBY MCCANN]

Special thanks to **CD PROJEKT RED**, including:
MICHAŁ NOWAKOWSKI, Joint Chief Executive Officer
ADAM BADOWSKI, Joint Chief Executive Officer

Advertising Sales: ads@darkhorse.com

Comic Shop Locator Service:
comicsshoplocator.com

DarkHorse.com | Cyberpunk.net

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YOU WERE *BITTEN* BY A CYBERPSYCHO WITH A PNEUMATIC LOWER JAW.

HE *RIP RATTLED* YOUR LEG LIKE A DOG.



YOU LOST ALMOST HALF A GALLON OF BLOOD, AND THERE'S A SOLID CHANCE ALL SORTS OF LOVELY BACTERIA GOT INTO THE WOUND.

CYBERPSYCHOS ARE NOT GENERALLY DILIGENT ABOUT BRUSHING THEIR TEETH.

ASIDE FROM THAT, YOUR LIEUTENANT WAS SHOT IN THE ARM AND TORSO.



ERGO, MAXTAC SPAR DELTA IS BEING PRESCRIBED FORTY-EIGHT HOURS OF MANDATORY RECUPERATION.

ENJOY YOUR DOWNTIME, OFFICER STEPVIC.



DOWNTIME.



JESUS CHRIST.



YOU'RE
A FUCKING
SHARK.



YOU WANT TO--
NEED TO KEEP
MOVING.

'CAUSE
IF YOU STOP, IT
ALL COMES RUSHING
BACK. WHAT YOU
DID TO US.



WHEN YOU
BECAME YOUR
TRUE SELF.

A FUCKING
SHARK.



FUCK
OFF!

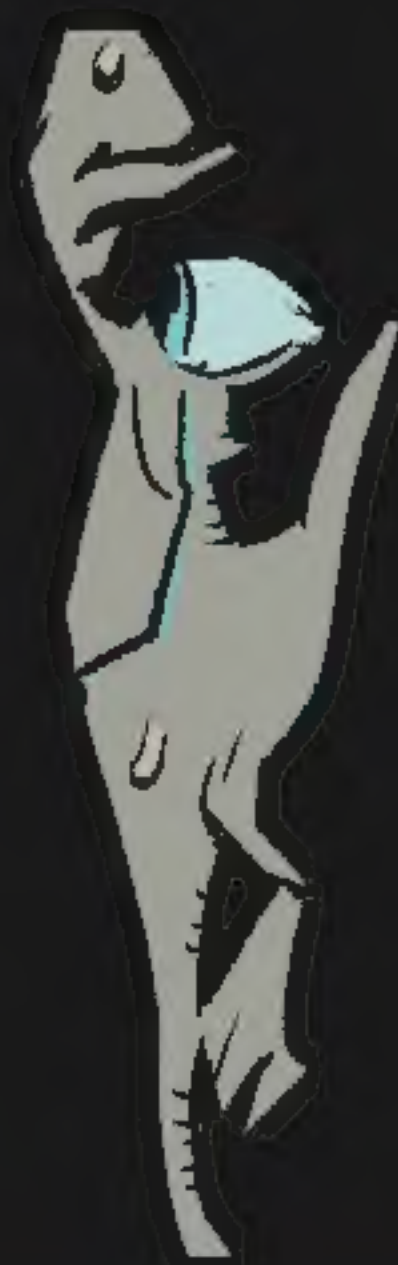


KNOK
KNOK



ALL OKAY,
STEPOVIC?

SOUNDED
LIKE YOU WERE
ARGUING WITH
SOMEONE.



JUST
THE TV.

I HATE
THAT ZIGGY Q
PRICK.

TOTALLY
UNDERSTANDABLE.
ALL TALK SHOW HOSTS
SHOULD BE BURNED AT THE
STAKE IN THE INTEREST
OF PUBLIC MORALE.



WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
MUT?



WANT? NOTHING. JUST
SAW THAT YOU WERE
STILL LURKING AROUND
THE BARRACKS.

THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU'D WANT
TO...HANG OUT.

HANG
OUT?



UNLESS
YOU'D RATHER
STARE AT THE
WALLS ALL
DAY.

I KNOW
WHERE THEY DO
BETTER NOODLES
THAN THOSE. OR AT
LEAST ONES NOT
FLAVORED WITH
FLOOR LINT.

日本料理
DIDDLE BAR



WANNA
TALK ABOUT
IT?

ABOUT
WHAT?



ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED
IN THE BADLANDS.

ABOUT LIEUTENANT
HOOK SENDING YOU
OUT AS BAIT.



NO. I **DON'T**
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT.

I WANT
TO DRINK
BEER.



SURE.
LET'S DRINK
BEER.







Turns out I can talk to a Valentino like that.



BLAM



BLAM





LIEUTENANT
HOOK?!

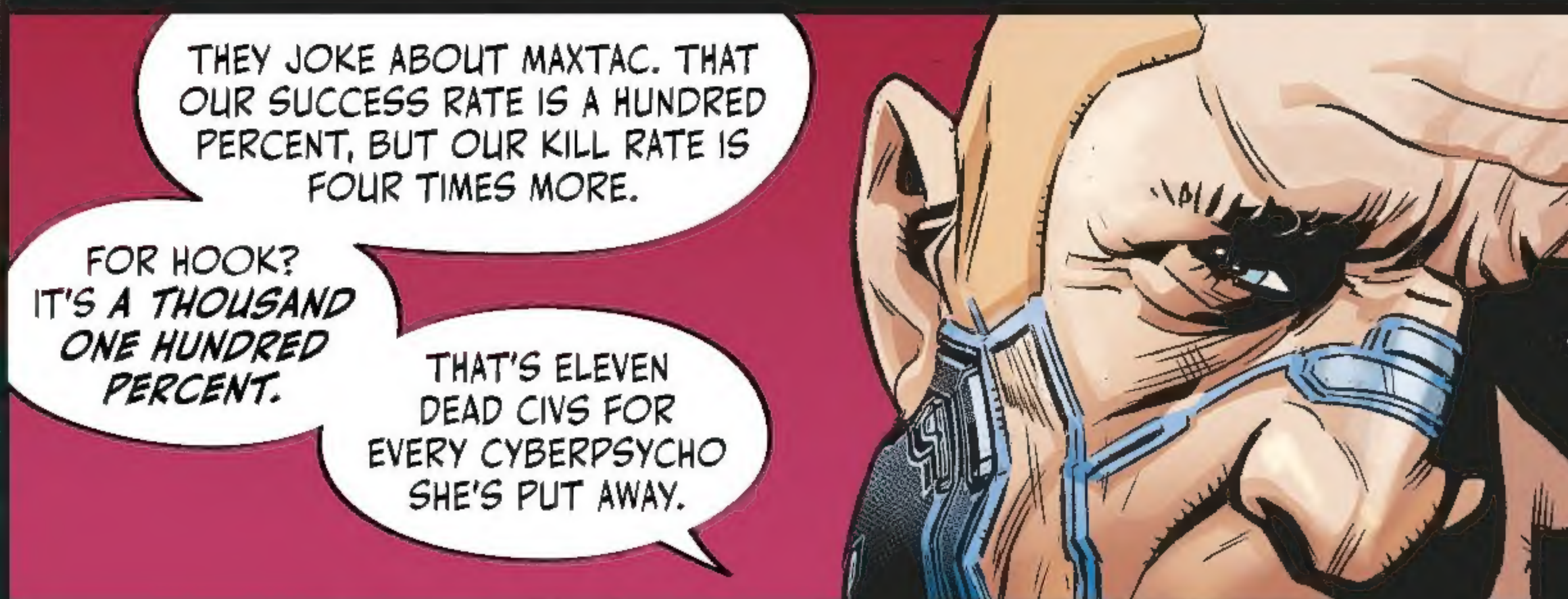


YOU *KNEW* SHE'D
BE HERE!

FOR A CACKLING
DEMON OF CHAOS,
SHE'S A CREATURE
OF HABIT.

I PULLED
HER FILE,
STEPOVIC.

ARE YOU
SERIOUS? ARE WE
STALKING OUR
LIEUTENANT?



THEY JOKE ABOUT MAXTAC. THAT
OUR SUCCESS RATE IS A HUNDRED
PERCENT, BUT OUR KILL RATE IS
FOUR TIMES MORE.

FOR HOOK?
IT'S A *THOUSAND*
ONE HUNDRED
PERCENT.

THAT'S ELEVEN
DEAD CIVS FOR
EVERY CYBERPSYCHO
SHE'S PUT AWAY.



AND WHEN I SAY "PUT
AWAY," I MEAN IN THE
GROUND.

NOT A SINGLE
ARREST ON HER RECORD,
EVEN WHEN SHE WAS
A BEAT BADGE. JUST
TERMINATIONS.

LIEUTENANT
MASON WAS A HARDASS,
BUT SHE KEPT SPAR
DELTA IN LINE.

WHAT'S HOOK
GONNA TURN US INTO,
STEPOVIC?



WHAT'S SHE
GONNA DO TO US
IF WE DON'T *GET*
RID OF HER?







MY LEG IS
FUCKED, YOU
GONK. I CAN'T
CLIMB LIKE
THAT.



SHH.

LISTEN.



JUST RESTOCKED.
ANYTHING YOU'RE
AFTER, WE OUGHTA
HAVE.

S-KEEF?

SYNTHCOKE?

DORPH?

GLITTER?



IS *THIS*
WHAT I THINK
IT IS?

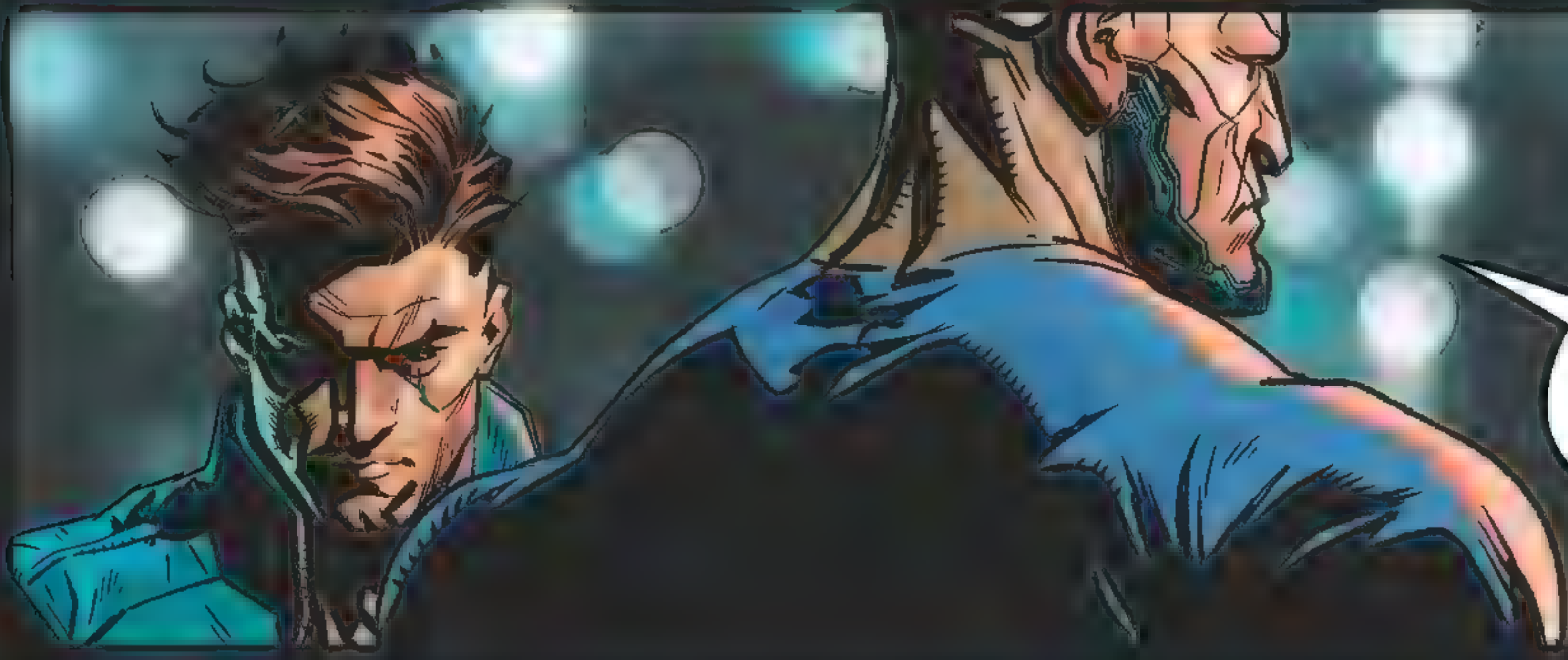


THAT'S
BLACK LACE.

DEVELOPED
FOR TROOPS IN THE
CORPORATE WARS.

DISCONTINUED
BECAUSE THEY STARTED
HAVING HEART ATTACKS AND
TURNING INTO FROTHING
PSYCHOS.

I KNOW
WHAT BLACK
LACE IS.

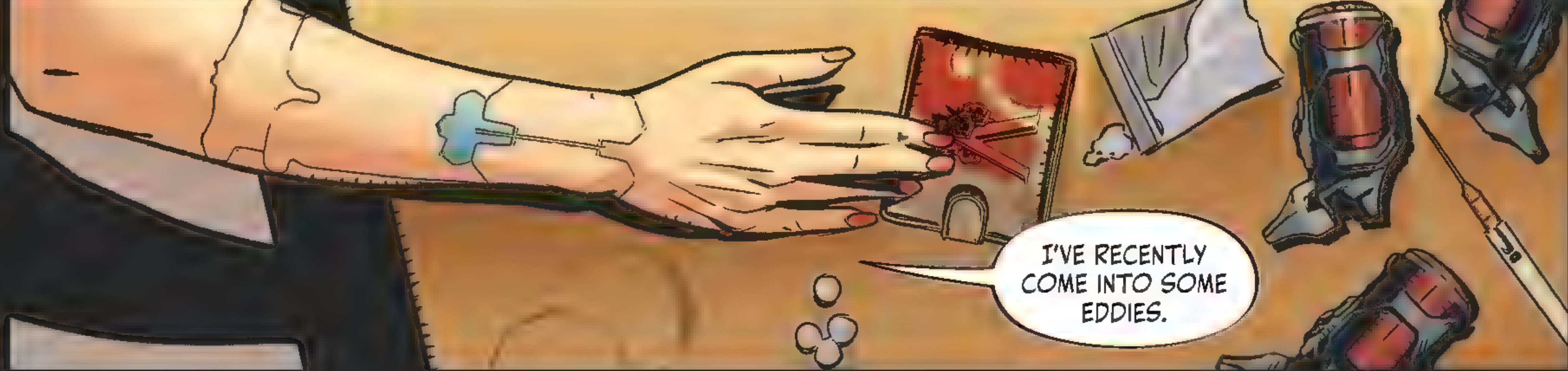


THEN YOU KNOW
IT'S ABOUT THE MOST
DANGEROUS THING YOU COULD
PUT IN YOUR BODY. FOR
YOURSELF AND EVERYONE
AROUND YOU.

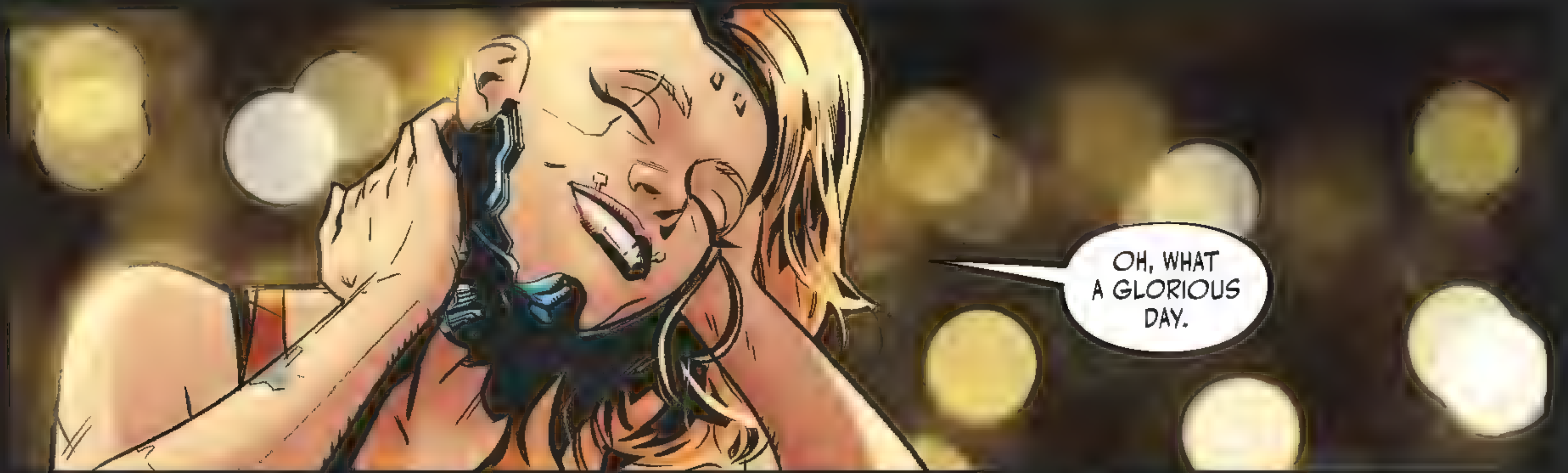


WELL,
OF COURSE I
WANT IT.

RUSTLE ME
UP A *TASTING
MENU* WITH A BIT
OF EVERYTHING,
DARLING.



I'VE RECENTLY
COME INTO SOME
EDDIES.



OH, WHAT
A GLORIOUS
DAY.



I THINK I
WANT TO HURT
SOMEONE
NOW.



HOW LONG
YOU BEEN DOING
THIS? FOLLOWING
HOOK?

SCOPED HER
OUT WHEN SHE WAS
FIRST ASSIGNED TO
DELTA. HEARD
RUMBLINGS.

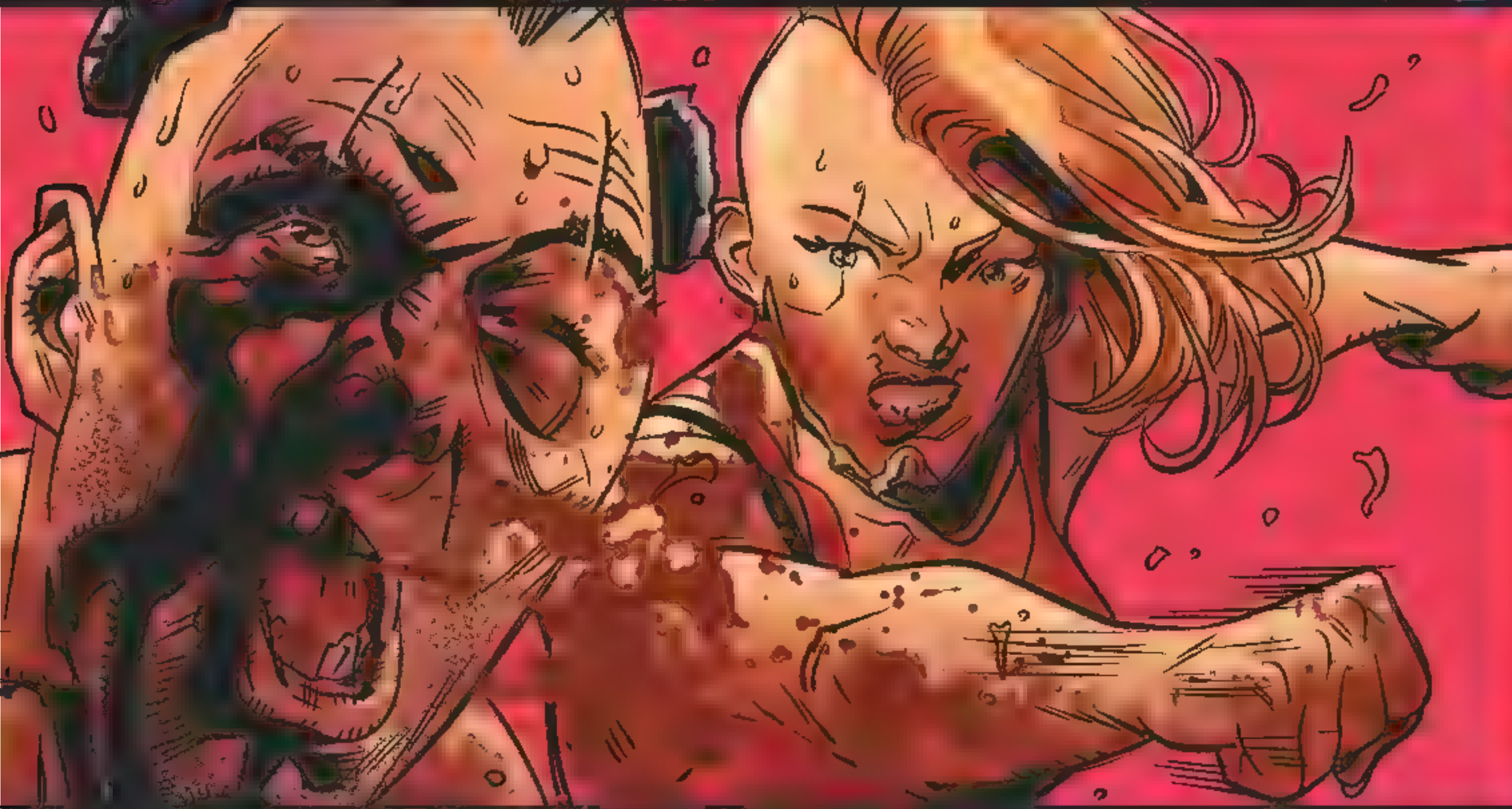
SUSPECTED HER
BEHAVIOR MIGHT
HAVE ESCALATED
WITH HER
PROMOTION...



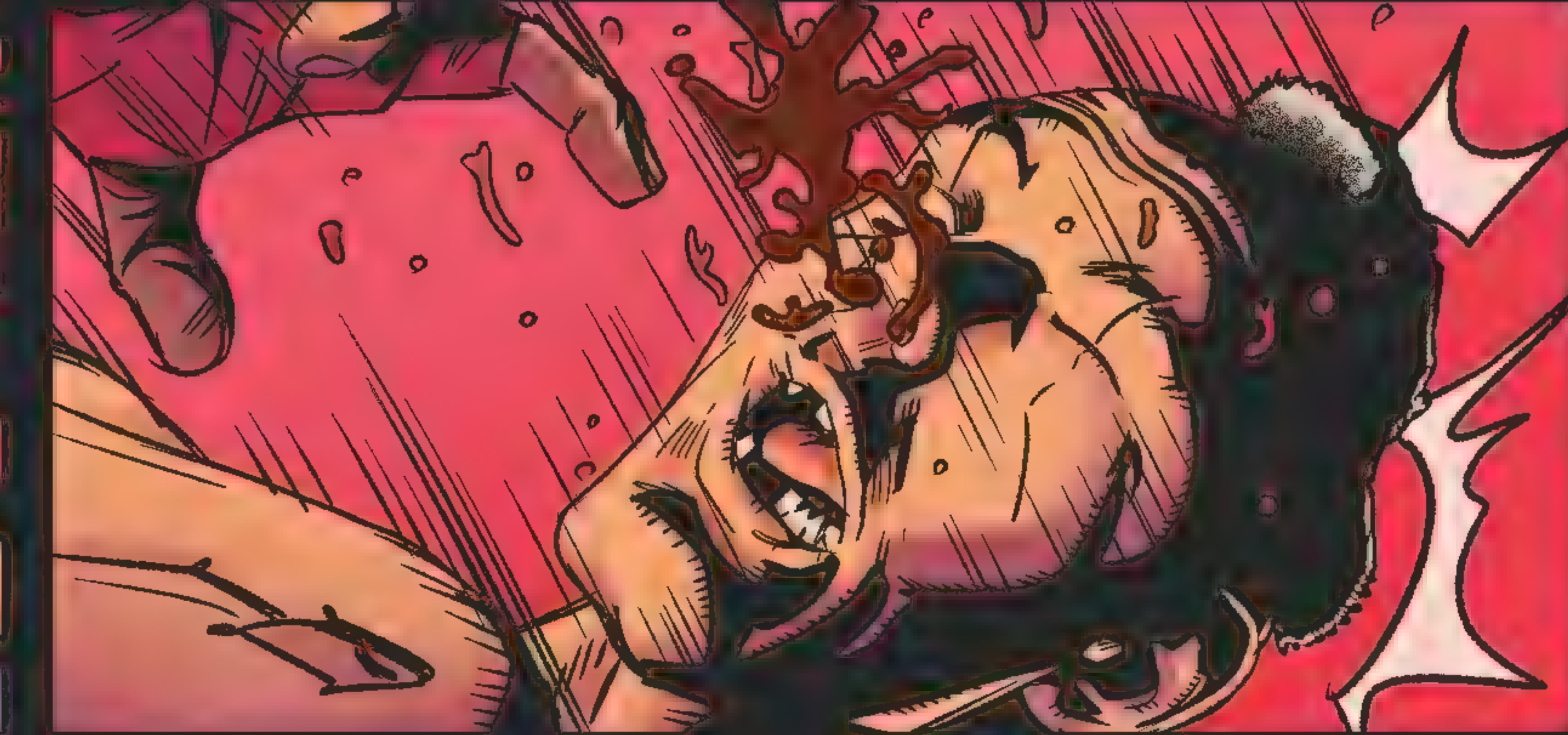
"...IT FUCKING HAS."

MY SISTER'S A NEUROSCIENTIST AT BAKUMATSU.

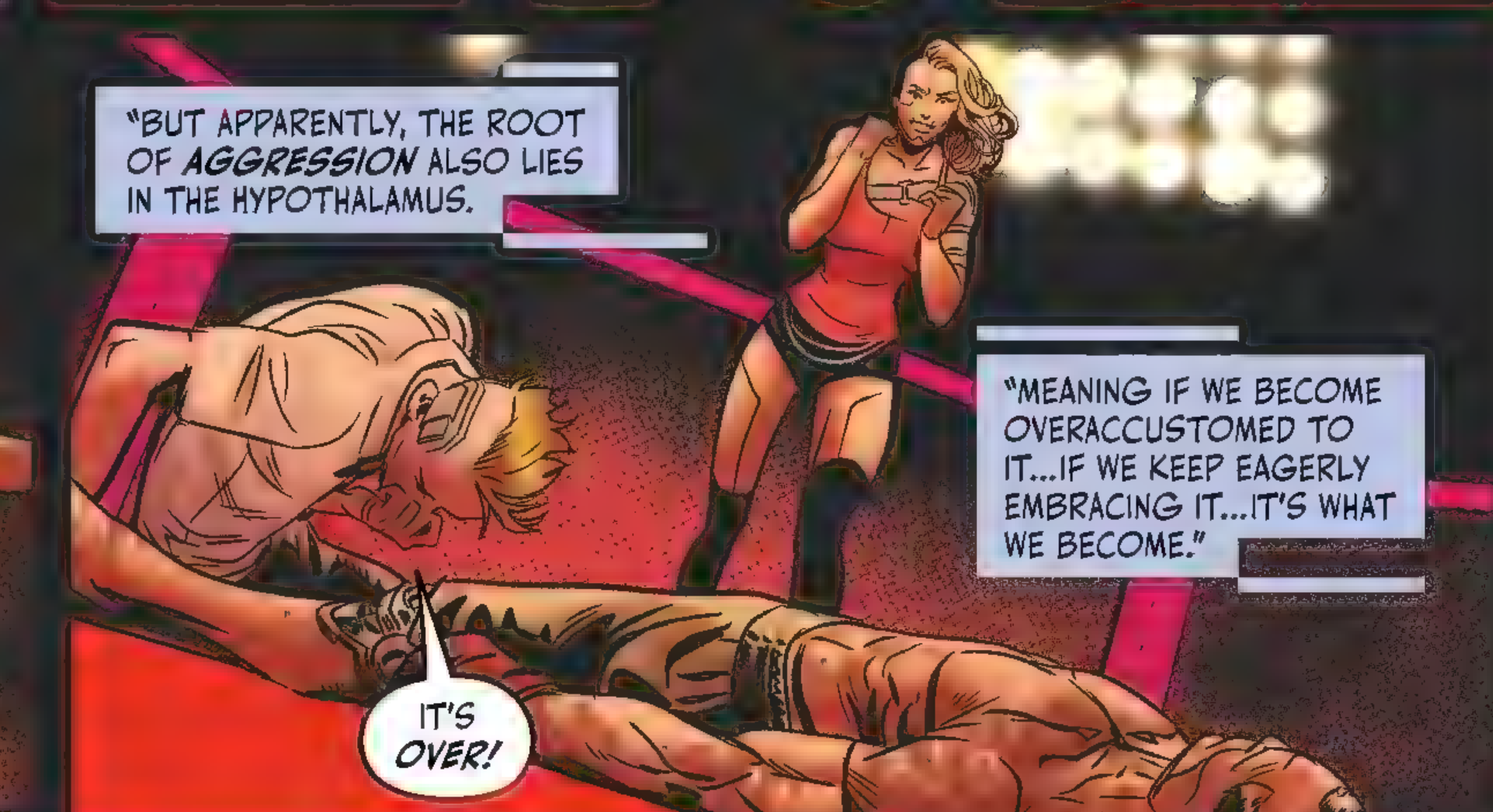
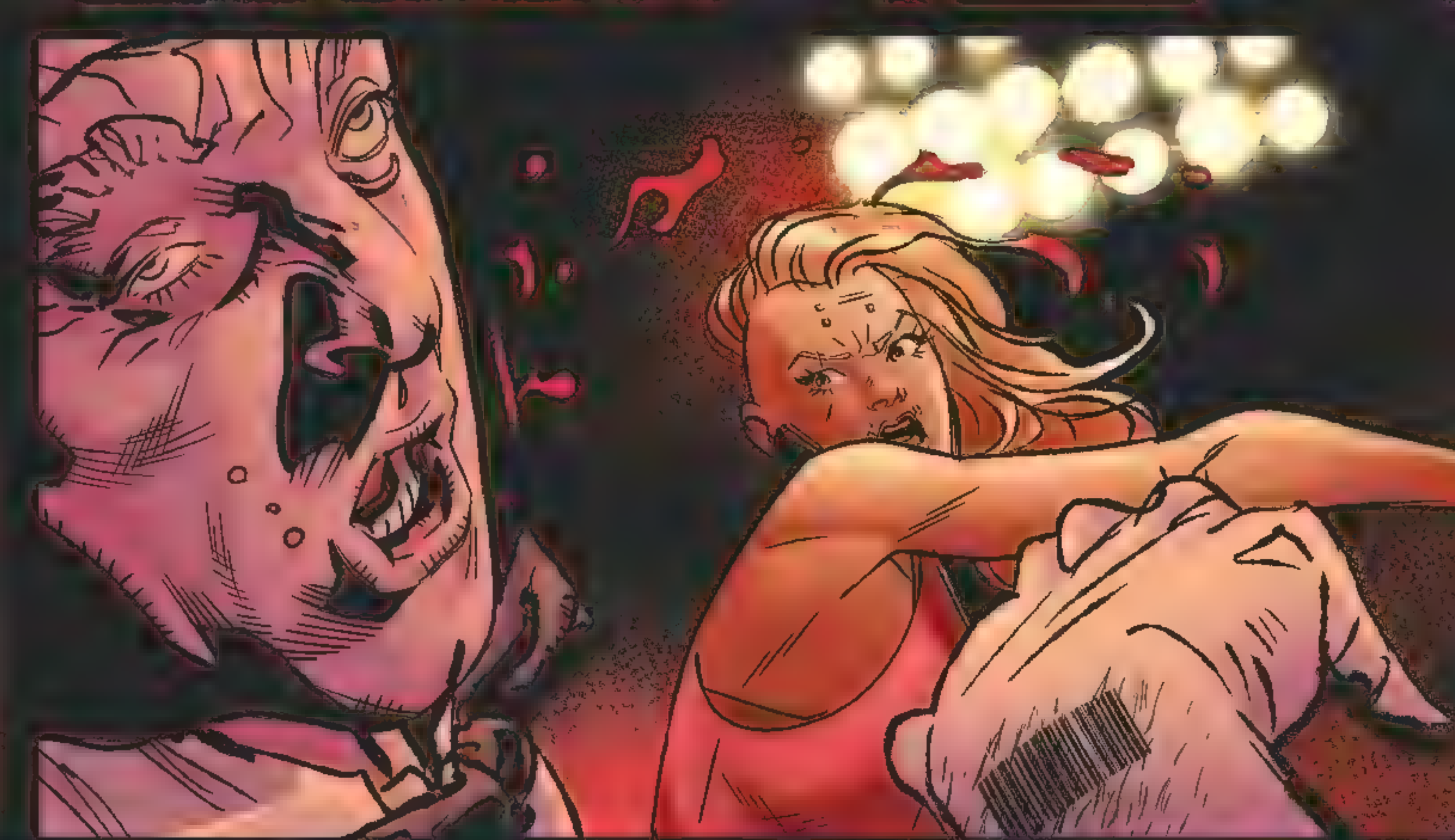
ASKED HER ONCE. ABOUT VIOLENCE. THE THINGS WE DO TO EACH OTHER.



"SHE TOLD ME THE **HYPOTHALAMUS** IS A PART OF THE BRAIN THAT HANDLES BODY TEMPERATURE, HUNGER, SLEEP--ALL THOSE INTRINSIC THINGS WE NEED TO SURVIVE."



THAT'S ENOUGH!



"BUT APPARENTLY, THE ROOT OF AGGRESSION ALSO LIES IN THE HYPOTHALAMUS."

"MEANING IF WE BECOME OVERACCUSTOMED TO IT...IF WE KEEP EAGERLY EMBRACING IT...IT'S WHAT WE BECOME."

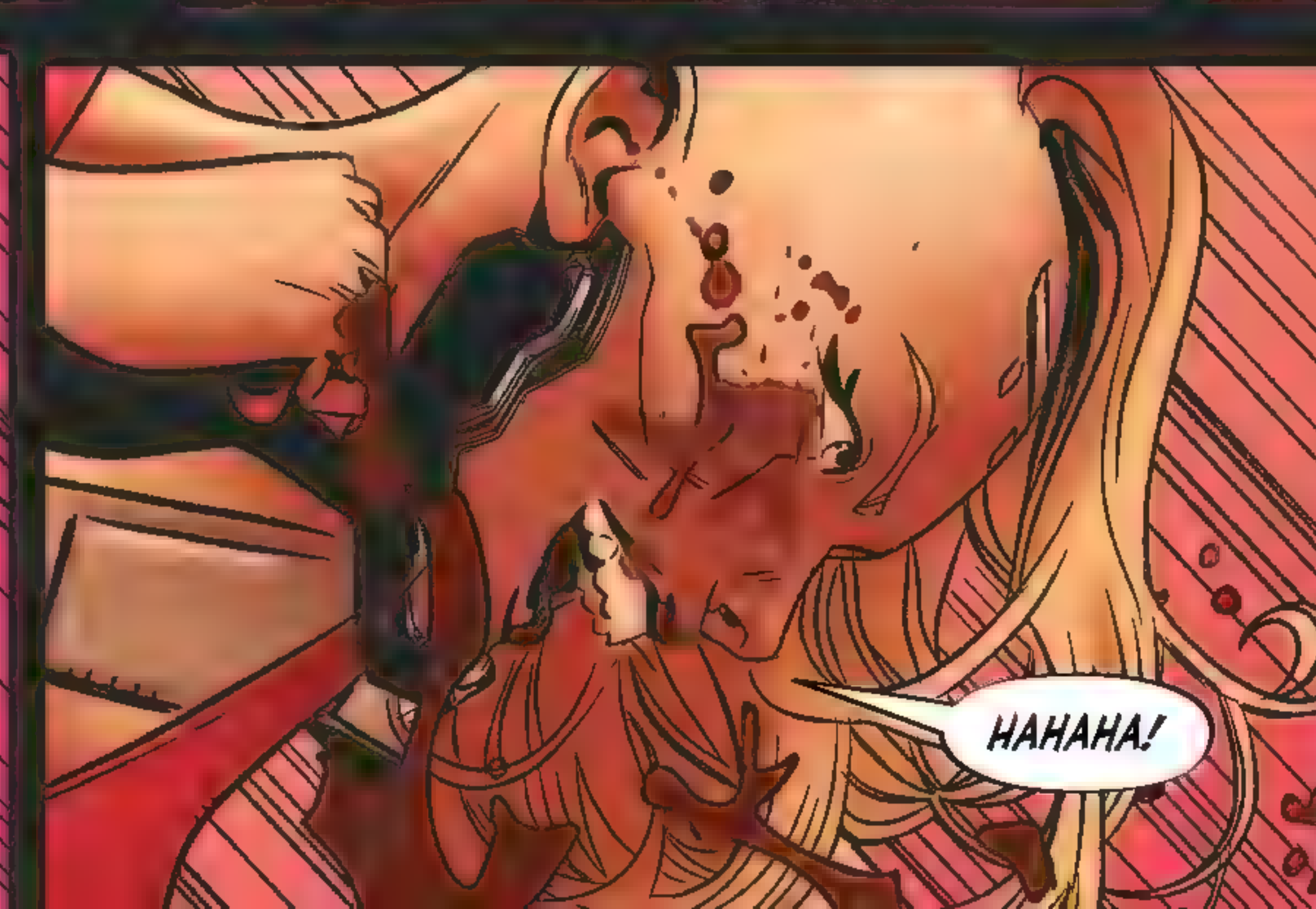
IT'S OVER!



LOOK AT HER. IT'S ALL SHE IS NOW.



STOP HER!



HAHAHA!



LIKE A FERAL DOG. IT CAN'T BE UNDONE.

SHUT UP, MUT. JUST SHUT. UP!



IT'S NOT EVEN
WHAT *SHE* DID THAT
SCARES YOU.

MAXTAC

IT'S KNOWING
THAT YOU'RE THE
SAME.

THE WORST OF
THEM. THE MONSTER
UNDER THE BED.

YOU CAN'T
UNDO THAT.

IF HOOK
DESERVES TO DIE,
THEN WHAT DO YOU
DESERVE?



POLICE
BUSINESS. KEEP
MOVING UNLESS YOU
WANNA SWALLOW
TEETH.

特价促销

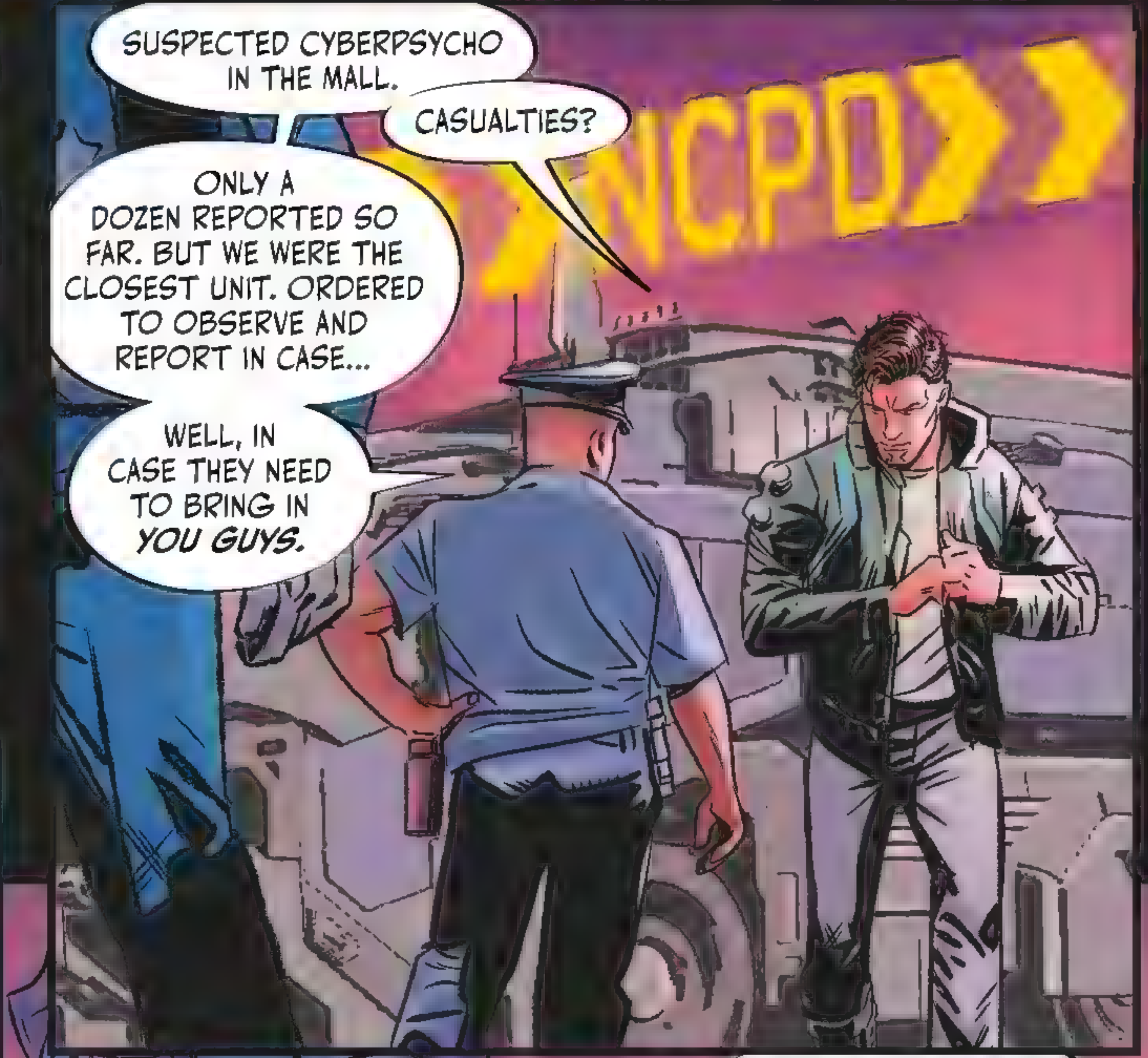


OFFICER
STEPOVIC.

MAXTAC
SPAR DELTA.

WANNA TRY
THAT AGAIN?

UH...SIR!
SORRY, SIR.



SUSPECTED CYBERPSYCHO
IN THE MALL.

CASUALTIES?

ONLY A
DOZEN REPORTED SO
FAR. BUT WE WERE THE
CLOSEST UNIT. ORDERED
TO OBSERVE AND
REPORT IN CASE...

WELL, IN
CASE THEY NEED
TO BRING IN
YOU GUYS.



LUCKY I WAS PASSING
BY. LET'S GO.



"MARY WIVINS. MOTHER OF TWO WHO GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT WITH A MALL COP...THEN STUCK HER **THUMB** THROUGH HIS **EYE**.

"KEPT GOIN' TILL SHE REACHED THE BACK OF HIS SKULL.

"SHE TOOK HIS IRON. BEEN SHOOTING, SCREAMING, AND CRYING EVER SINCE.

"HER HUSBAND CALLED A HELP LINE A FEW WEEKS AGO. WORRIED ABOUT HOW MUCH NEW CHROME SHE'D HAD IMPLANTED TO 'KEEP UP WITH THE JONESES.'"

ONE OF YOUR SQUAD CARRYING AN M251S?

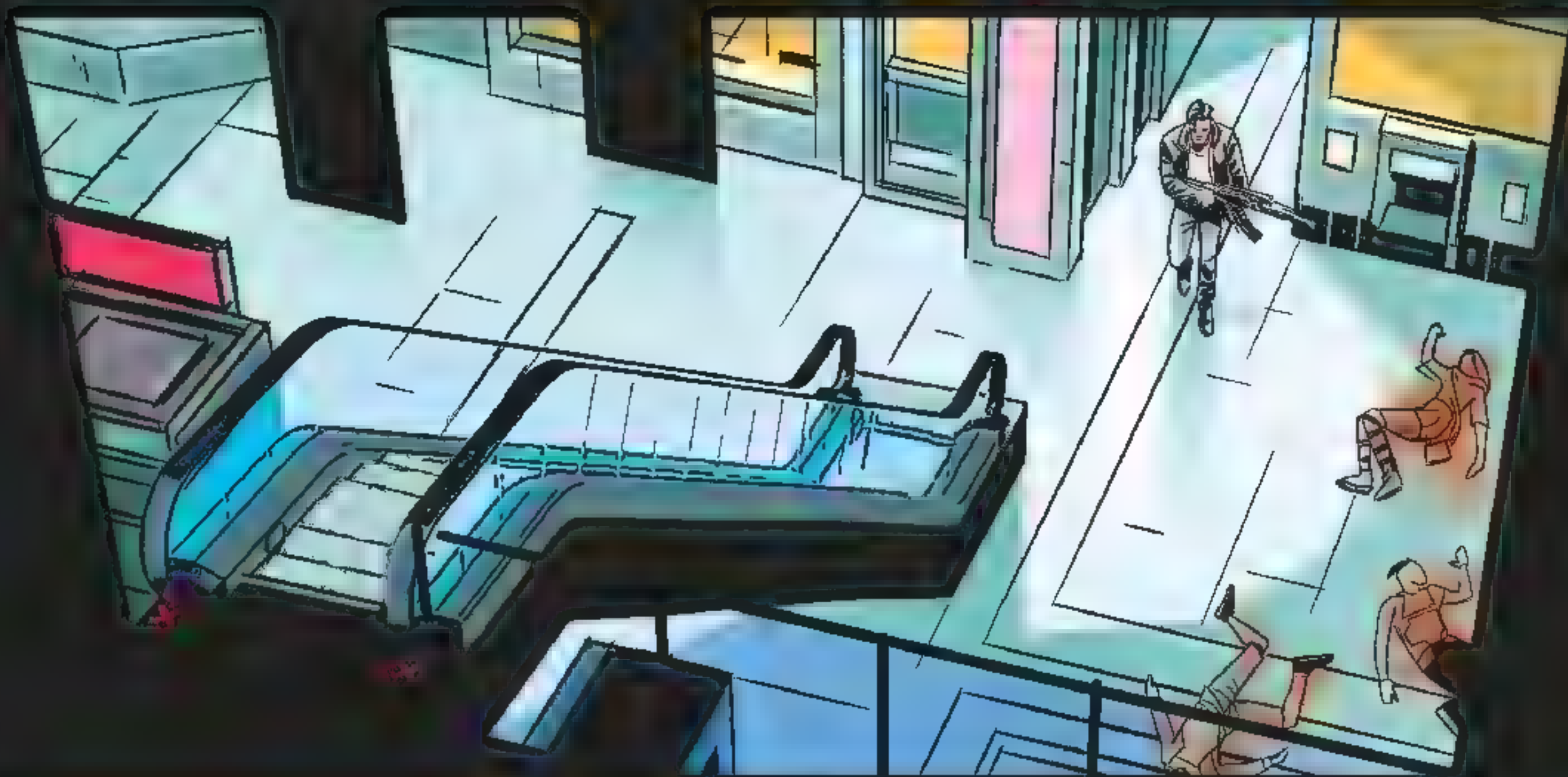
YESSIR, BUT--

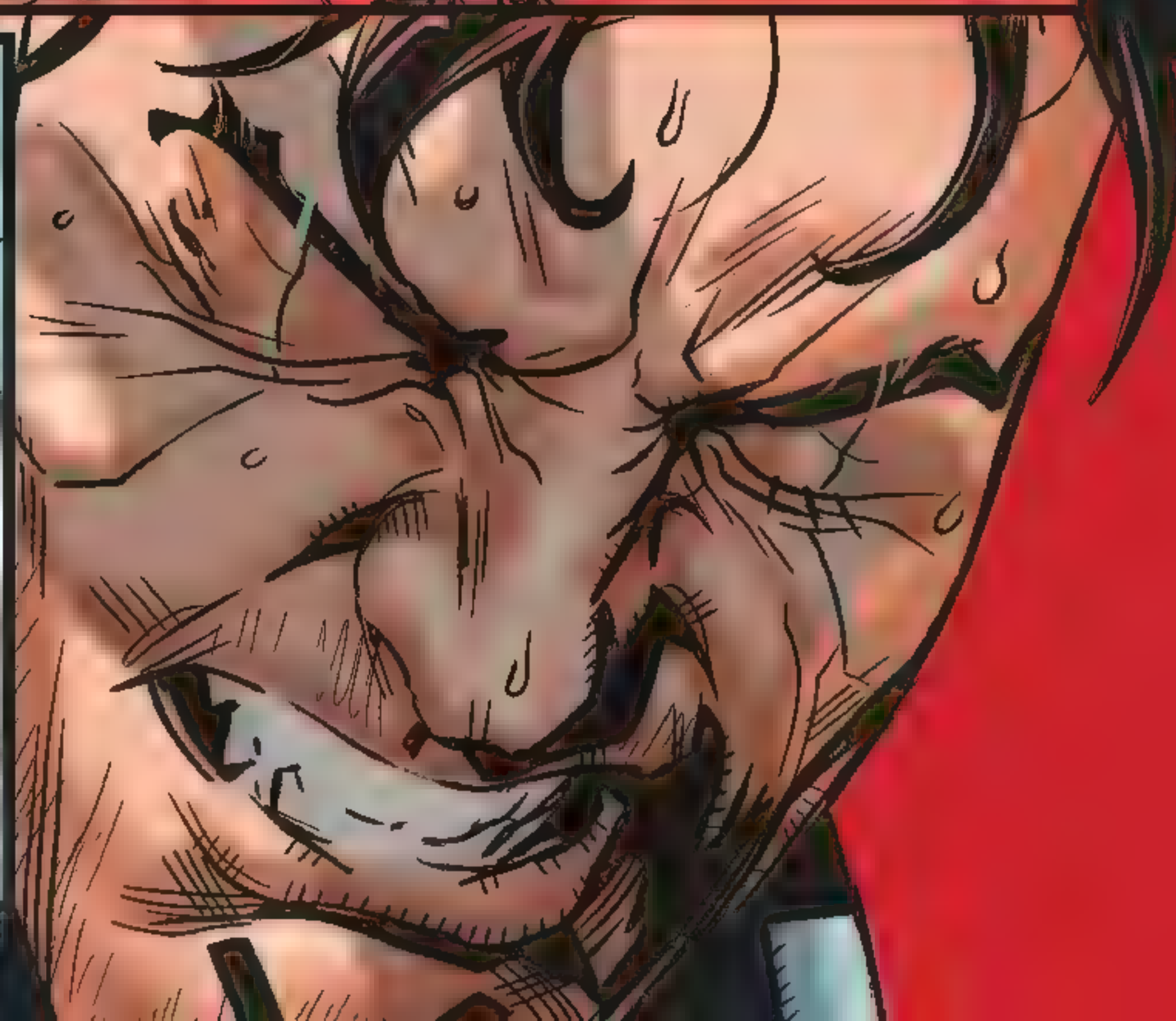
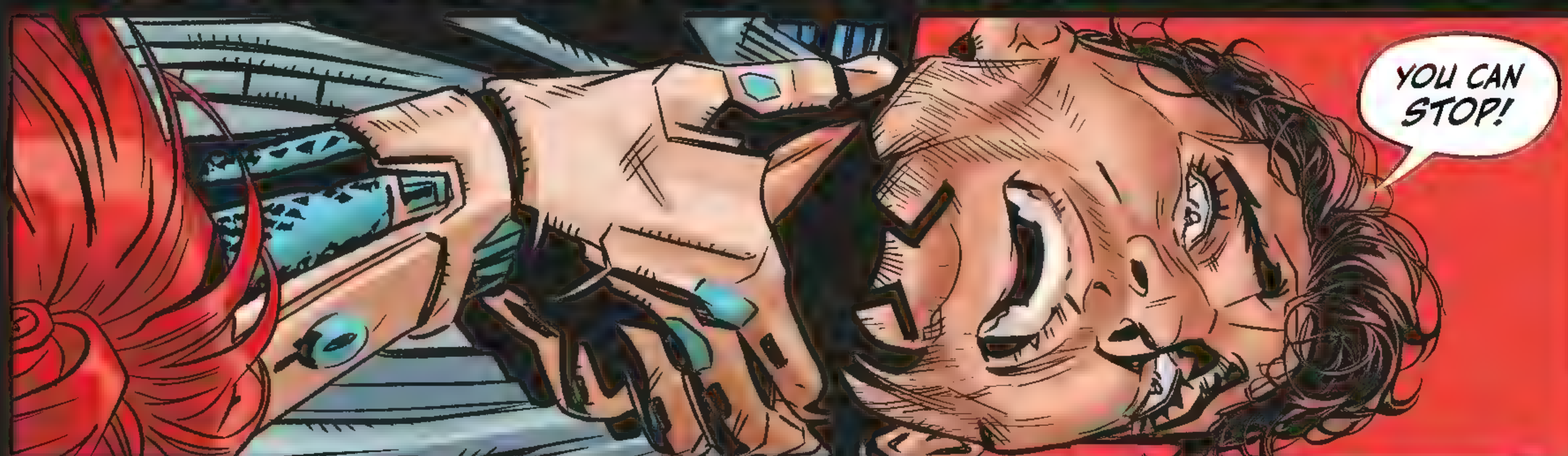
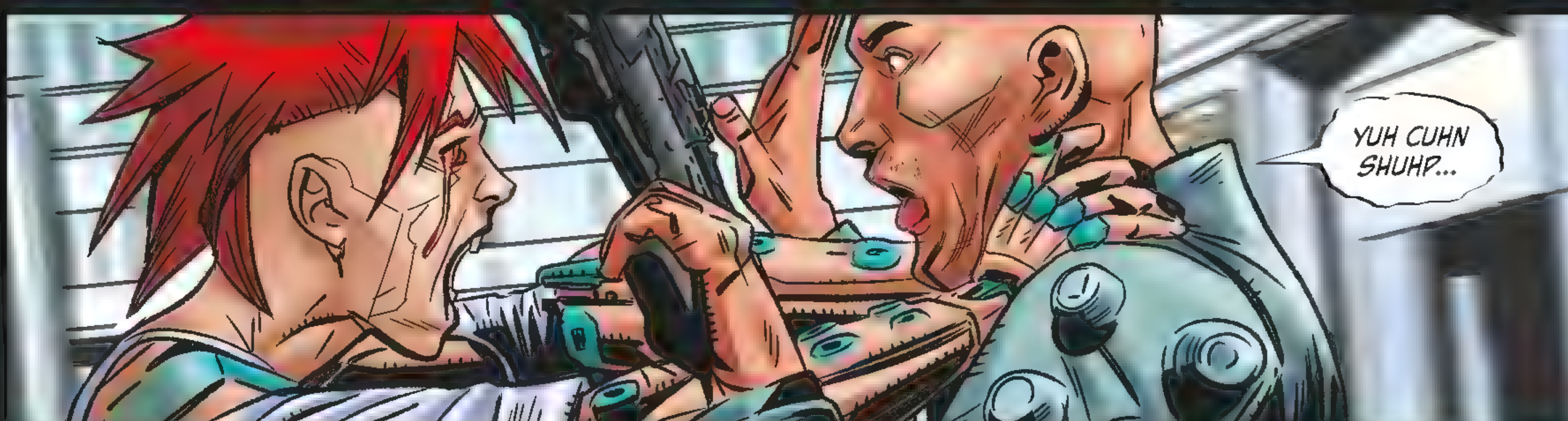
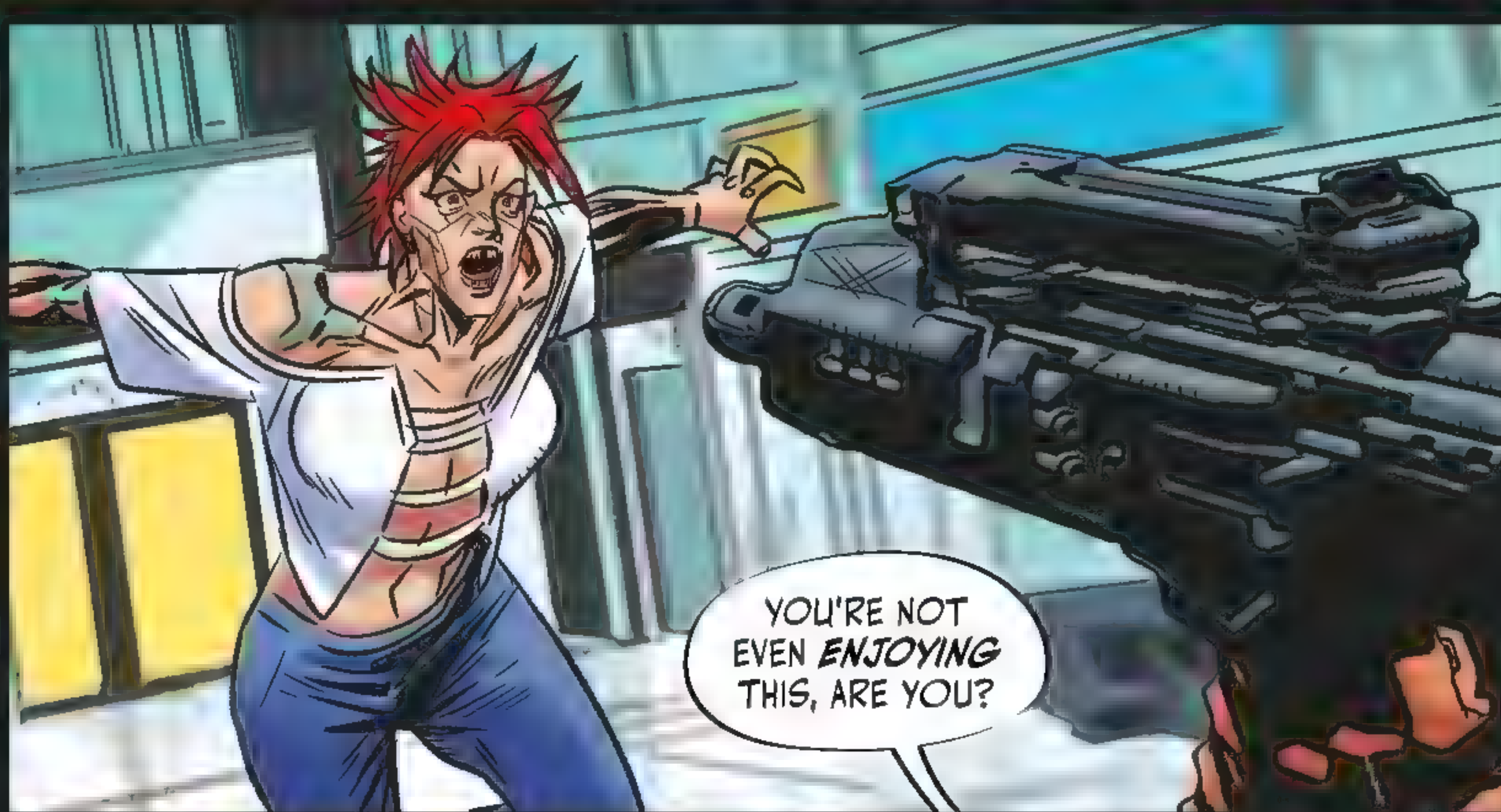
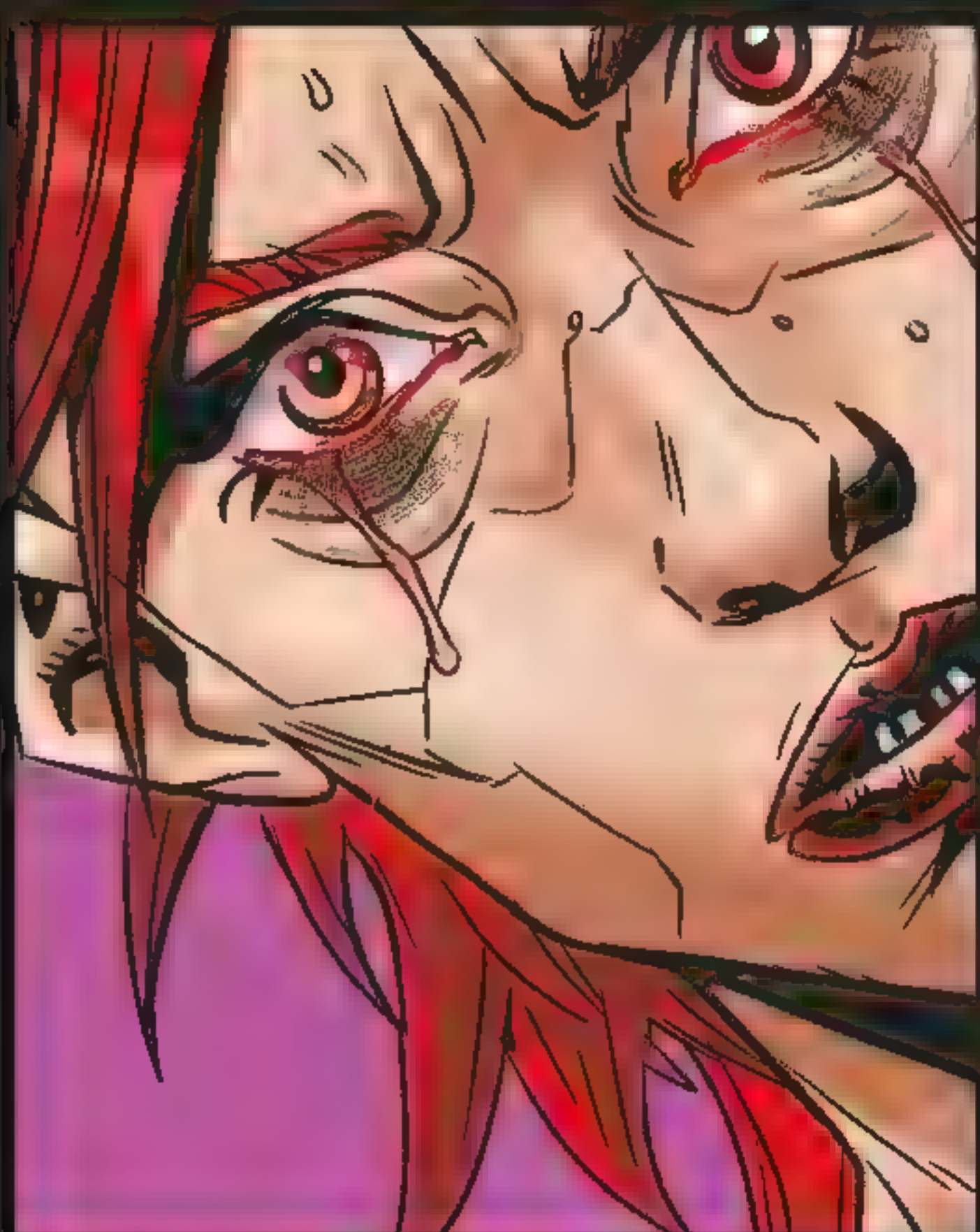
GIVE IT TO ME. I'M GOING IN. KEEP THE EXITS SECURED.

SIR--YOU SEEM INJURED, AND THIS IS AGAINST EVERY PROTOCOL...

THIS IS A CYBERPSYCHO. I AM AN OFFICER OF THE PSYCHO SQUAD.

KEEP ARGUING WITH ME. SEE WHAT HAPPENS.







THE FUCK
ARE YOU
PLAYING AT,
STEPOVIC?



LUCKY FOR
YOU, YOU'RE AS EASY
TO FOLLOW AS THE
LIEUTENANT.



YOU HAVE
THE RIGHT TO
REMAIN SILENT,
AND ALL THAT
SHIT.



LISTEN. I KNOW WHAT
HOOK SAID TO YOU. IN
THE BADLANDS.

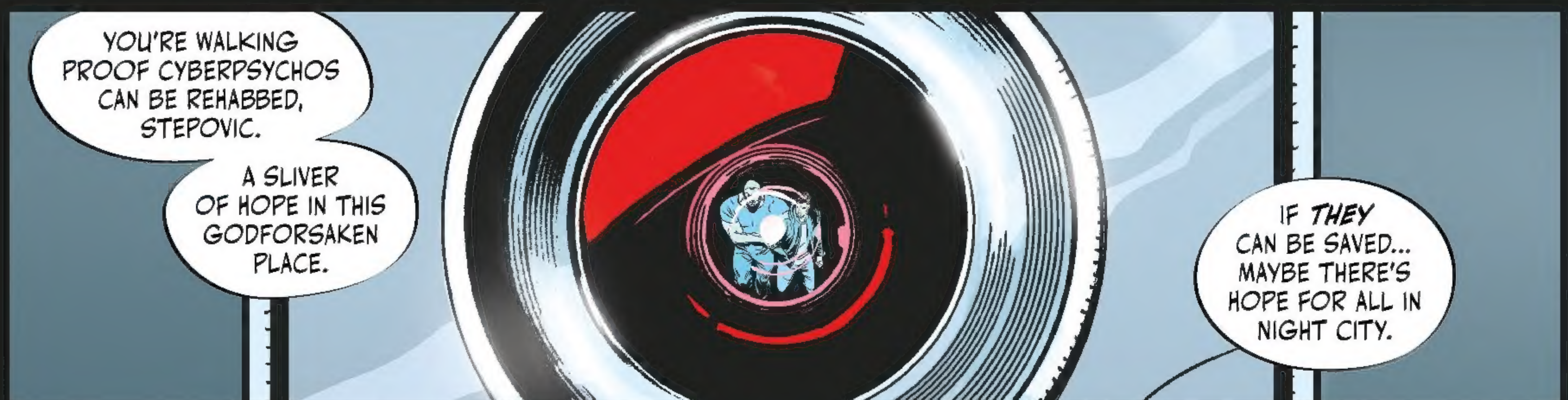
YOU WENT
CYBERPSYCHO
BEFORE.



BUT
YOU. CAME.
BACK.



YOU WERE GONNA LET
HER CHEW YOUR FACE OFF
SO THEY COULD MAYBE
BRING 'ER IN ALIVE.



YOU'RE WALKING
PROOF CYBERPSYCHOS
CAN BE REHABBED,
STEOVIC.

A SLIVER
OF HOPE IN THIS
GODFORSAKEN
PLACE.

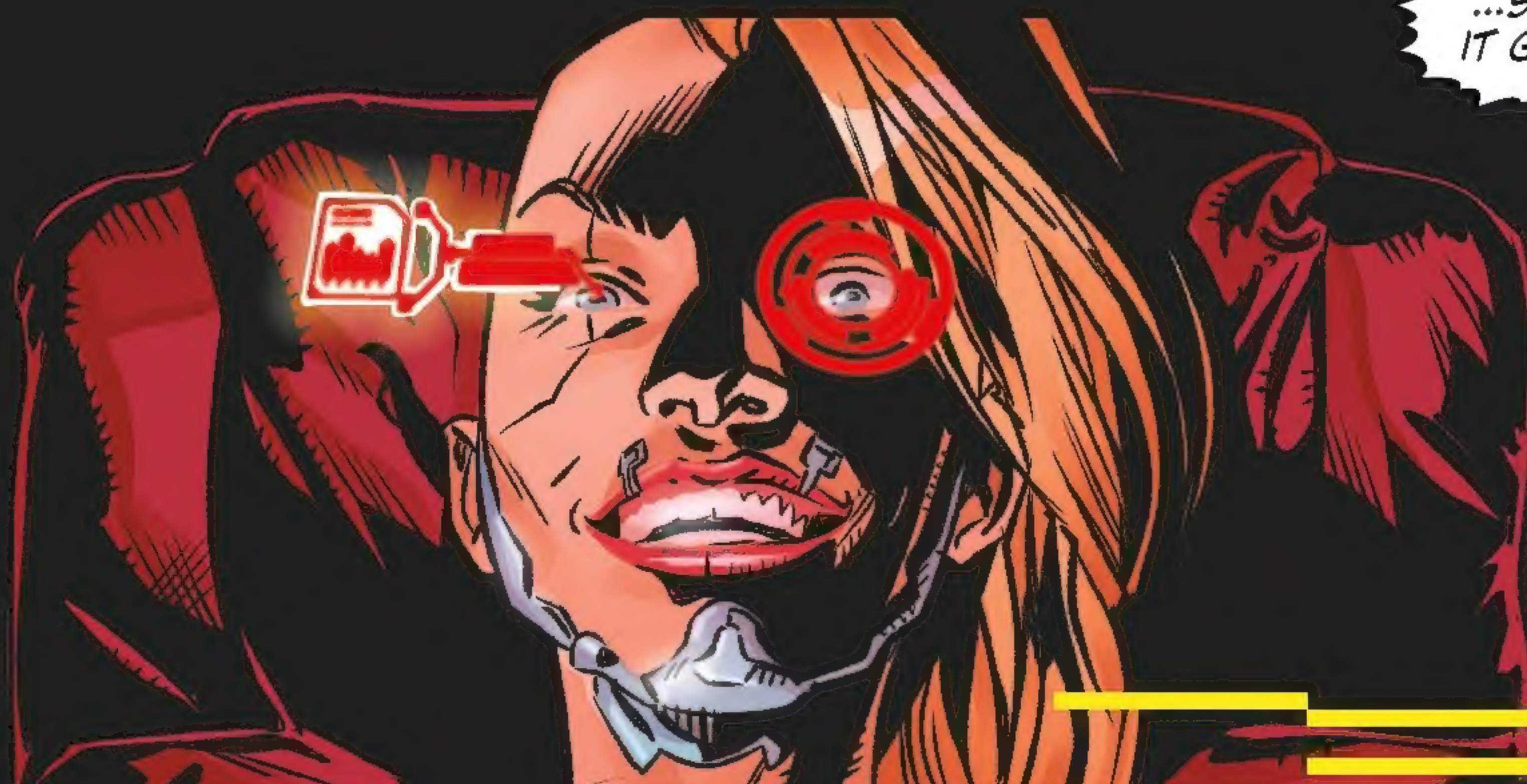
IF *THEY*
CAN BE SAVED...
MAYBE THERE'S
HOPE FOR ALL IN
NIGHT CITY.



THAT'S
EVERYTHING
MAXTAC SHOULD BE
FIGHTING FOR.

BUT WE
CAN'T WITH HOOK
AROUND...

...SO WHAT'S
IT GONNA BE?



TO BE CONTINUED...



→ ISSUE #4 ON SALE MAY 21! ←

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

